A Hymn of Praise — Applied to Gen. Thanksgiving
appointed by Congress 18 Dec. 1789.

1. To Thee! High Sovereign of the Skies!
This day our grateful Songs resound;
From every Heart shall incense rise,
And praise thro' all thy Temples sound

2. Our Land a tributary Slave
Doom'd to Rebellion's woeful fate;
When heav'n a powerful Monarch gave
To aid new Pillars of the State.

3. Rais'd and establish'd by thy pow'r,
Firm props of the Republic's Laws;
Thy Blessings on the people shower,
Thine Arm supports th'united cause.

4. Union 'tis God alone inspires:
Founded by Heav'n, the Fabric rose;
Th'astonish'd World the work admires
And owns the Council of the Skies.

5. Rev'lations never rise by chance,
No Gales such high directions blow;
Th'All-ruling Judge doth States advance,
And lays a Tyrant-Kingdom low.

6. He forms our General prudent, brave,
Gives our young Captains warlike skill;
Angelic shields our troops preserve,
Who scale proud towers in Breasts of Steel.

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7 No Savage deed distains the sword,
While Heavn's taught Chief directs the Host;
Submission hails the joyous word—
Mercy!—the christian Conqu'ror's Boast!

8. The Memory of thy recent grace,*
A fresh inspires them for the field:
The foe shall find renew'd disgrace,
And fly our shores, or fated!—yield

9. Our fertile Fields thy Favour show:
With Gifts revolving Years appear,
Gifts!—that in Streaks luxuriant flow
Thy Goodness crowns th'auspicious Year!

10. Save us from Fears despondent Sighs;
How may our Trust in God be strong,
Till full Deliverance shall arise
And Heav'n born Peace resound the Song.

* The Surrender of Cornwallis at York in Virginia 19 Oct 1781

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